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THE
CHERRY

AND THE
SLAVE,

WITH OTHER
POEMS.

BY CAPTAIN
ALEXANDER MOUNTGOMERY.

GLASGOW,
PRINTED AND SOLD BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
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S L A E.

ABOUT A BANK WITH BALMY BEWS,
Where nightingales their notes renews
With gallant goldspinks gay,
The mavis, merle, and Progne proud,
The lintwhite, lark, and laverock loud,
Saluted mirthful May.
When Philomel had sweetly sung,
To Progne she deplored;
How Tereus cut out her tongue;
And falsly her despo' red;
Which story, so fory,
To shew asham'd she seem'd;
To hear her, so near her,
I doubted if I dream'd.

A

THE culhat crouds, the corbie cryes,
The cucko cucks, the pratling pyes
To geck her they begin:
The jargoun, or the jangling jayes,
The cracking craws, the keckling
They deav'd me with their din. [kayes,
The painted pown, with Argos eyes
Can on his mayock call,
The turtle wails on wither'd tree;
And echo answer'd all,
Repeating, with greeting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying, and spying
His shadow in the well.
I saw the hurcheon and the hare,
In hidlings, hirpling here and there,
To make their morning mange:
The con, the coney, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were
With stiff mustachoes, strange! [wat,

The hart, the hynd, the dac, the rae,
The fulmart and false fox;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsie bears and brocks:
Some feeding, some dreading,
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
They plaid them all in pairs.
THE air was sober, soft and sweet,
But misty vapours, wind and weet;
But quiet, calm and clear;
To foster Flora's fragrant flow'rs;
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trickl'd many a tear;
The which like silver-shakers shin'd,
Embroid'ring beauty's bed:
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd
All in May's colours cled;
Some knopping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet:

Excelling in smelling,
Through Phoebus wholesome heat.

METHOUGHT an heav'nly heartsome
thing,

Where dew like diamonds did hing,

O'ertwinkling all the trees,

To study on the flourish'd twists,

Admiring nature's alchymists,

Laborious busy bees.

Whereof some sweetest honey sought,

To stay their lives to starve;

And some the waxie vessels wrought,

Their purchas to preserve:

So heaping, for keeping,

It in their hives they hide:

Precisely, and wisely,

For winter they provide.

to pen the pleasures of that park,

How ev'ry blossom, branch and bark,

Against the sun did shin,

I pass to poets to compile,
 In high, heroick, stately stile,
 Whose muse surmatches mine.
 But as I looked me alone,
 I saw a river run,
 Out o'er a steepy rock of stone,
 Syne lighted in a lin;
 With tumbling, and rumbling,
 Among the roches round,
 Devalling, and falling
 Into a pit profound.
 THROUGH routing of the river rang
 The roches founding like a fang;
 Where descant did abound,
 With treble, tenor, counter, meen;
 An echo blew a basse between,
 In diapason found.
 Set with the c-sol-fa-uth clief,
 With large and long at list,
 With quiver, crotchet, femibrief,

And not a minim mist;
Compleatlie, more sweetlie,
She fir'd down flat and sharp,
Than muses, which uses
To pin Apollo's harp.
who wou'd have tir'd to hear that tune
Which birds corrob'rate ay abune,
With lays of lovesome larks?
Which climb so high in christal skies,
While Cupid wak'ned with the cries
Of nature's chappel clarks:
Who leaving all the heav'ns above,
Alighted on the eard.
Lo, how that little lord of love
Before me there appear'd
So mild-like, and child-like,
With bow three quarters skant,
Syne moyly and coyly,
He looked like a saint!

A CLEANLY crisp hang o'er his eyes,
His quiver by his naked thighs,
Hang in a silver lace
Of gold, between his shoulders grew
Two pretty wings, wherewith he flew,
On his left arm a brace.
This god soon off his gear he shook
Upon the grassie ground,
I ran as lightly for to look,
Where ferlies might be found;
Amazed, I gazed
To see his geer so gay,
Perceiving mine having,
He counted me his prey.
His youth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt;
But bourded with my boy.
Quoth I, how call they thee, my child?
Cupido, Sir, (quoth he) and smil'd,
Please you me to employ:

For I can serve you in your suit,
If you please to impyre,
With wings to flee, and shafts to shoot,
Or flames to set on fire.
Make choise then, of those then,
Or of a thousand things,
But crave them, and have them;
With that I woo'd his wings. [he,
WHAT would you give, my heart, quoth
To have these wanton wings to flee,
To sport thy sp'rit a while?
Or, what if love should lend thee here,
Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting-gear,
Some body to beguile?
This geer, (quoth I) cannot be bought,
Yet would I have it fain.
What if (quoth he) it cost thee nought,
But rendring all again?
His wings then, he brings then,
And band them on my back:

Go flee now, quoth he now,
And so my leave I take.
I SPRANG up with Cupido's wings,
Whose shoots and shooting-gear resigns
To lend me for a day.
As Icarus with borrow'd flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
O'er perillous a play:
First forth I drew the double dart,
Which sometimes shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another;
It hurt me, or burnt me,
While either end I handle:
Come see now, in me now,
The butterflee and candle.
As she delights into the low;
So was I browden of my bow,
As ignorant as she;
And as she flies, while she is fir'd,

So with the dart that I desir'd,
Mine hands have hurt me too;
As foolish Phaeton by suit,
His father's chair obtain'd;
I longed in love's bow to shoot,
Not marking what it mean'd;
More wilful, than skilful,
To flee I was so fond,
Desiring, impyring,
And so was seen upon't.
Too late I knew, who hews too hie,
The spail shall fall into his eye,
Too late I went to schools,
Too late I heard the swallow preach,
Too late experience doth teach
The school-master of fools.
Too late I find the nest I seek,
When all the birds are flown:
Too late the stable door I seek,
When as the steed is stown;

Too late ay, their state ay,
As foolish folk espy,
Behind so, they find so,
Remeed, and so do I.
IF I had ripely been advis'd,
I had not rashly enterpriz'd
To soar with borrowed pens,
Nor yet had sey'd the archer-craft,
To shoot my self with such a shaft,
As reason quite misakens.
Fra wilfulness gave me my wound,
I had no force to flee:
Then came I groaning to the ground.
Friend, welcome home, quoth he,
When flew ye, whom flew ye,
Or who brings home the booting?
I see now, quoth he now,
You have been at the shooting.
As scorn comes commonly with skaith,
So I behov'd to bide them baith;

So stagg'ring was my state,
That under cure I got such check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
But either staile or maire:
Mine agony was so extream,
I swelt and swoon'd for fear.
But ere I waken'd of my dream,
He spoil'd me of my gear,
With flight then, on height then,
Sprang Cupid in the skies,
Forgetting, and setting,
At nought my careful cries.
so long with sight I follow'd him,
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,
Through staring on the starns;
Which flew so thick before my een,
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,
Which troubled all mine harns,
That ev'ry thing appeared two
To my parboiled brain,

But long might I ly looking fo,
Ere Cupid cam again:
Whose thund'ring, with wond'ring,
I heard up through the air:
Through clouds so, he thuds so,
And flew I wist not where.
THEN when I saw that god was gone,
And in a languor left alone,
And fore tormented too,
Sometime I sigh'd, while I was sad,
Sometime I mus'd, and most gone mad,
I doubted what to do:
Sometime I rav'd half in a rage,
As one into despair:
To be oppress'd with such a page,
Lord, if my heart was fair!
Like Dido, Cupido,
I widdle, and I warie,
Who rest me, and left me,
In such a feirie-farie.

THEN felt I Courage and Desire
Inflame my heart with uncouth fire,
To me before unknown :
But then no blood in me remains,
Unburnt or boild within my veins,
By Love his bellows blown,
To drown it ere I was devour'd,
With sighs I went about;
But ay the more I schupe to smoor't,
The bolder it brake out ;
Ay pressing, but ceasing,
While it might brake the bounds,
Mine hew so, forth shew so,
The dolour of my wounds.
WITH deadly visage, pale and wan,
More like anatomy than man,
I wither'd clean away.
As wax before the fire, I felt
Mine heart within my bosom melt,
And piece and piece decay;

My veins by brangling like to break,
My pulses lap with pith:
So fervency did me infect,
That I was vex'd therewith;
Mine heart ay, it start ay,
The fiery flames to flee:
Ay houping, through louping,
To leap at Liberty.
BUT (O alas!) it was abus'd,
My careful corps kept it inclus'd,
In prison of my breast,
With sighs so sopite and o'er-set,
Like to a fish fast in a net,
In dead-thraw undeceast:
Which though (in vain) she strives by
For to pull out her head, [strength
Which profits nothing at the length,
But hasting to her dead;
With thrifting, and wrifting,
The faster still is she:

There I so, did ly so,
My death advancing to.
THE more I wrestled with the wind,
The faster still my self I find,
No mirth my mind could mease,
More noy than I, had never none,
I was so alter'd and o'ergone,
Through drought of my disease:
Yet weakly, as I might, I raise,
My sight grew dim and dark,
I stagg' red at the windlestraes,
No token I was stark;
Both fightless and mightless;
I grew almost at once:
In anguish, I languish,
With many griveous groans.
WITH sober pace yet I approach,
Hard to the river and the roch,
Whereof I spake before:
The river such a murmur made,

As to the sea it softly flade,
The craig was stay and shore.
Then Pleasure did me so provoke,
There partly to repair;
Betwixt the river and the rock,
Where Hope grew with Despair:
A tree then, I see then,
Of Cherries on the braes;
Below too, I saw too,
A bush of bitter Slaes.
THE Cherries hang about my head,
Like trickling rubies round and red,
So high up in the heugh;
Whose shadows in the river shew
Their shape as graithly as they grew,
On trembling twists and teugh:
Whiles bow'd through burden of the
Declining down their tops; [birth,
Reflex of Phoebus off the Firth
Now colour'd all their knops.

With dancing and glancing,
In trile as dornick champ,
Which streamed and leamed,
Through lightness of that lamp.
WITH earnest eye, while I espy
That fruit between me and the sky,
Half gate almost to heaven,
The craig so cumbersome to clim,
The tree so tall of growth and trim,
As any arrow even;
I call'd to mind, how Daphne did
Within the lawrel shrink;
When from Apollo she her hid,
A thousand times I think:
That tree there, to me there,
As he his lawrel thought,
Aspiring, but tiring,
To get the fruit I fought.
to climb that craig it was no buit,
Let be to press to pull the fruit,

In top of all the tree:

I knew no way whereby to come,

By any craft to get it clum,

Appearantly to me.

The craig was ugly, stay and dreigh,

• The tree long, sound and small,

I was afraid to climb so high,

For fear to fetch a fall;

Afrayed, I stayed,

And looked up aloft,

Whiles minting, whiles stinting,

My purpose changed oft.

THEN Dread, with Danger, and Despair

Forbade me minting any mair

To rax above my reach.

What? tush? (quoth Courage) man, go

He is but daft that hath to do, [to,

And spares for ev'ry speech;

For I have oft heard sooth men say,

And we may see't our sels,

That fortune helps the hardy ay,
But pultrons ay repels;
Then spare not, and fear not
Dread, Danger, nor Despair,
To fazards, hard hazards
Is death ere they come there.
Who speeds, but such as high aspires?
Who triumphs not, but such as tires
To win a noble name?
Of shrinking what but shame succeeds;
Then do as thou would have thy deeds
In register of fame.
I put the case, thou not prevail'd,
So thou with honour die,
Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,
Shall poets pen of thee;
Thy name then, from fame then,
Can never be cut off.
Thy grave ay, shall have ay,
That honest epitaff.

WHAT canst thou lose, when honour
Renown thy virtue ay revives, [lives?
If valiantly thou end.
Quoth Danger, huly, friend, take heed,
Untimous spurring spills the steed,
Take tent what ye pretend:
Though Courage counsel thee to clim,
Be war thou kep no skaith,
Have thou none help but Hope and
They may beguile thee baith. [him,
Thy fell now, can tell now,
The counsel of these clarks;
Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,
Thy breast doth bear the marks.
BURNT bairns with fire the danger
So I believe thy bosom bleeds, [dreads,
Since last that fire thou felt:
Besides that, seindle times thou sees,
That ever Courage keeps the keys
Of Knowledge at his belt.

Though he bid foreward with the guns,
Small powder he provides:
Be not a novice of that nuns,
Who saw not both the sides.
Fools haste ay, almaiſt ay,
O'erſyles the fight of ſome;
Who luiks not, who huiks not
What afterwards may come.
YET Wiſdom wiſheth thee to weigh
This figure in philoſophie,
A leſſon worth the lear;
Which is in time for to take tent,
And not, when time is paſt, repent,
And buy repentance dear;
Is there none honour after life
Except thou ſlay thy ſell?
Wherefore hath Atropos that knife?
I trow thou canſt not tell.
Who but it, would cut it,
Which Clotho ſcarce hath ſpun,

Destroying, the joying,
Before it be begun?

ALL o'ers are repute to be vice.

O'er high, o'er low, o'er rash, o'er nice,

O'er hot, or yet o'er cold;

Thou seems unconstant by thy signs,

Thy thoughts are on a thousand things,

Thou wots not what thou would.

Let Fame her pity on thee pour,

When all thy bones are broken:

Yon Slae, suppose thou think it sour,

Would satisfy to flocken

Thy drought now of youth now,

Which dries thee with desire:

Affwage then thy rage then;

Foul water quenches fire.

WHAT fool art thou to die a-thirst,

And now may quench it if thou list,

So easily but pain?

More honour is to vanquish ane

Than fight with tenfome and be tane,
And either hurt or flain.
The practick is to bring to pafs,
And not to enterprife:
And as good drinking out of glafs,
As gold in any wife.
I lever, have ever
A foul in hand or tway,
Than feeing ten flying
About me all the day. [loup,
Look where thou light before thou
And flip no Certainty for Houp,
Who guides thee but be gues.
Quoth Courage, cowards take no cure
To fit with shame, so they be sure:
I like them all the less.
What pleasure purchaft is but pain,
Or honour won with ease?
He will not ly where he is flain,
Who doubts before he dies:

For fear then, I hear then,
But only one remeed,
Which late is, and that is,
For to cut off the head.

WHAT is the way to heal thy hurt?

What way is there to stay thy sturt?

What mean to make thee merry?

What is the comforts that thou craves?

Suppose these sophists thee deceives,

Thou knows it is the Cherry;

Since for it only thou but thrists,

The Slae can be no bait:

In it also thine health consists,

And in no other fruit.

Why quakes thou, and shakes thou,

Or studies at our strife?

Advise thee, it lies thee,

On no less than thy life.

IF any patient would be panc'd,

Why should he leap when he is lanc'd,

D

Or shrink when he is shorn?
For I have heard chirurgeons say,
Oft times deferring of a day
Might not be mend the morn.
Take time in time, ere time be tint,
For time will not remain;
What forceth fire out of the flint,
But as hard match again?
Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou shalt see it sae:
Such gets ay, who sets ay
Stout stomacks to the brae.
THOUGH all beginnings be most hard,
The end is pleasant afterward,
Then shrink not for no shower
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy pain and travel is forget,
The sweet exceeds the sowre:
Go then quickly, fear not thir,
For Hope good hap hath height.

Quoth Danger, be not sudden, fir,
The matter is of weight.
First spy both, then try both,
Advifement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I fay then,
Be wilful, when thou will,
BUT yet to mind the proverb call,
Who ufes perils, perifh fhall,
Short while their life them lafts.
And I have heard (quoth Hope) that he
Should never fhape to fail the fea,
That for all perils cafts.
How many through defpair are dead,
That never perils priey'd?
How many alfo, if thou read,
Of lives have we reliev'd?
Who being, even dying,
But Danger, but defpair'd,
A hunder, I wonder,
But thou haft heard declar'd.

IF we two hold not up thine heart,
Which is the chief and noblest part,
Thy works will not go well:
Considering these companions can
Disswade a silly simple man,
To hazard for his heal.
Suppose they have deceived some,
Ere we and they might meet,
They get no credence where we come,
In any man of sp'rit.
By reason, their treason
By us is plainly spy'd:
Revealing their dealing,
Which dow not be deny'd.
WITH fleekie sophisms seeming sweet,
As all their doings were discreet,
They wish thee to be wise;
Postponing time from hour to hour:
But faith, its underneath the flow'r
The lurking serpent lyes?

Suppose thou see'st her not a **time**,
While that she sting thy foot,
Perceives thou not what precious **time**
Thy sleuth doth overshoot.
Alas man, thy case man,
In lingring I lament!
Go to now, and do now,
That **Courage** be content.
WHAT if Melancholy come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin?
Then is thy labour lost,
For he will hold thee hard and **fast**,
Till time, and place, and fruit be **past**,
And thou give up the ghost:
Then shall be grav'n upon that **place**,
Which on thy tomb is laid,
Sometime there liv'd such one, **alace**!
But how shall it be said?
Here lyes now, but praise now,
Into dishonour's bed,

A coward, as thou art,
Who from his fortune fled.
IMAGINE man, if thou were laid
In grave; and syne might hear this said;
Would thou not sweat for shame?
Yes, faith, I doubt not but thou would;
Therefore, if thou have eyes, behold
How they would smore thy fame.
Go to, and make no more excuse,
Ere life and honour lose;
And either them or us refuse,
There is no other chose;
Consider, together
That we do never dwell,
At length ay, by strength ay,
The pultrons we expel.
QUOTH Danger, since I understand,
That counsel can be no command,
I have no more to say;
Except, if that ye think it good,

Take counsel yet, ere ye conclude,
Of wiser men than they;
They are but ricklefs, young and rash,
Suppose they think us fliet,
If of our fellowship ye fash,
Go with them hardly be it.
God speed you, they lead you
Who have not mickle wit;
Expel us, ye'll tell us
Hereafter comes not yet.
WHILE Danger and Despair retir'd,
Experience came in and speir'd,
What all the matter mean'd?
With him came Reason, Wit and Skill:
Then they began to ask at Will,
Where make you to, my friend?
To pluck yon lusty Cherrie lo,
Quoth he, and quite the Slae.
Quoth they, is there no more ado,
Ere ye win up the brae:

But do it, and to it,
Perforce your fruit to pluck?

Well, brother, some other
Were better to conduct.

WE grant, ye may be good enough,
But yet the hazard of yon heugh
Requires a greater guide:

As wise as ye are may go wrang,
Therefore take counsel, ere ye gang,
Of some that stands beside.

But who were yon three, ye forbade,
Your company right now?

Quoth Will, three preachers, to per-
The poison'd Slae to pow. [swade,
They tratled, and pratled

A long half hour and mair,
Foul fall them, they call them,
Dread, Danger, and Despair.

THEY are more fashious than of feck,
Yon fazards durst not, for their neck,

Climb up the craig with us.
Frae we determined to die,
Or then to climb the Cherrie tree,
They bode about the bush.
They are condition'd like the cat,
They would not weet their feet:
But yet if any fish they gat,
They would be apt to eat.
Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have no heart:
Yet luck we, or pluck we
The fruit, they would have part.
BUT when we get our voyage won,
They shall not then a Cherry cun,
Who would not enterprise.
Well, quoth Experience, ye boast:
But he, who reck'ned but his hoast,
Of-times has counted twise.
Ye sell the boar's skin on his back,
But bide while ye it get:

E

When ye have done, it's time to crack,
Ye fish before the net.

With haste, fir, ye taste, fir,
The Cherry ere ye pow it:
Beware, fir, ye are, fir,

More talkative than trow it.

Call Danger back again (quoth Skill)

To see what he can say to Will;

We see him shod so strait,

We may not trow what each one tells.

Quoth Courage, we concluded els,

He serves not for our mait,

For I can tell you all perquiere,

His counsel ere he come.

Quoth Hope, whereto should he come

He cannot hold him dum; [here?

He speaks ay, and seeks ay

Delay of time and drifts,

To grieve us, and deive us,

With sophistry and shifts.

QUOTH Reason, why was he debar'd?
The tale is ill, cannot be heard;
Yet let us hear him anes.
Then Danger to declare began,
How Hope and Courage took the man,
To lead him all their lanes:
How they would have him up the hill,
But either stop or stay;
And who was welcomer than Will,
He would be foremost ay.
He could do, and should do,
Who ever would or dought,
Such speeding, proceeding
Unlikely was I thought.
THEREFORE I wisht him to beware,
And rashly not to run o'er far.
Without such guides as ye.
Quoth Courage, friend, I hear you fail,
Take better tent unto your tale,
Ye said it could not be;

Besides that, he would not consent,
That ever we should climb.

Quoth Will, for my part, I repent,
We saw them more than him:

For they are the slayer
Of us as well as he;

I think now, they shrink now,
Go forward, let them be.

go, go, we do nothing but gucks,
They say, the voyage never lucks,

Where each one hath a vote.
Quoth Wisdom gravely, sir, I grant,

We were no worse your vote to want,
Some sentence now I note;

Suppose you speak it but be guess,
Some fruit therein I find,

Ye would be foremost I confess,
But comes oft-times behind.

It may be, that they be
Deceiv'd, that never doubted:

Indeed sir, that head, sir,
Hath mickle wit about it.

THEN wilful Will began to rage,

And swore, he saw nothing in age,

But anger, ire, and grudge:

And for my self (quoth he) I swear

To quite all my companions here,

If they admit you judge.

Experience is grown so old,

That he begins to rave.

The rest, but Courage, are so cold,

No hazarding they have:

For Danger, far stranger

Hath made them than they were.

Go frae them, we pray them,

Who neither dow nor dare.

WHY may not we three lead this one?

I led an hundred mine alone,

But counsel of them all.

I grant (quoth Wisdom) ye have led,

But I would speir how many sped,
Or further'd but a fall?

But either few, or none I trow,
Experience can tell.

He says, that man may wite but you,
The first time that he fell;

He kens then, whose pen then
Thou borrow'd him to flie:

His wounds yet, with stounds yet,
He got them then through thee.

THAT (quoth Experience) is true,
Will flatter'd him, when first he flew,
Will fet him in a low,

Will was his counfel and convoy,
Will borrow'd from the blinded boy,

Both quiver, wings, and bow:
Wherewith before he sey'd to shoot,

He'd neither yield to youth.

Nor yet had need of any fruit
To quench his deadly drouth;

Which pines him, and dwines him
To death, I wot not how:
If Will then, did ill then,
Himself remembers now.
For I Experience was there,
(Likeas I use to be all where)
What time he wyted Will,
To be the ground of all his grief;
As I my self can be a prief,
And witness thereuntil:
There are no bounds but I have been,
Nor hidlings from me hid,
Nor secret things but I have seen,
That he or any did.
Therefore now, no more now
Let him think to conceal't:
For why now? ev'n I now
Am debt-bound to reveal't.
my custom is for to declare
The truth, and neither eek nor pare,

For any man, a jot.

If wilful Will delights in lies,

Example in thy self thou sees,

How he can turn his coat ;

And with his language would allure

Thee yet to brake thy bones:

Thou knows thy self, if he be sure,

Thou us'd his counsel once ;

Who would yet, be bold yet,

To wreck thee, were not we.

Think on now, on yon now,

(Quoth Wifdom then to me.)

WELL(quoth Experience) if he

Submits himself to you and me,

I wot what I should say.

Our good advice he shall not want,

Providing always that he grant

To put yon Will away ;

And banish both him and Despair,

That all good purpose spills:

So you will mell with them no mair,
Let them two flyte their fills.
Such tossing, but lossing,
All honest men may use;
That change now, were strange now,
Quoth Reason, to refuse.
Quoth Will, fy on him, when he flew,
That pow'd not Cherries then a new,
For to have stay'd his sturt. [blame,
Quoth Reason, though he bear the
He never saw nor needed them,
While he himself had hurt.
First, when he miste'r'd not, he might;
He needs, and may not, now:
Thy folly, when he had his flight,
Empash'd him to pow.
But he now, and we now
Perceive thy purpose plain,
To turn him, and burn him,
And blow on him again.

QUOTH Skill, what would you longer
Far better late than never thrive, [strive?

Come let us help him yet:

Tint time we may not get again,

We waste but present time in vain.

Beware with that, quoth Wit,

Speak on, Experience, let's see,

We think, ye hold you dumb.

Of by gones I have heard, quoth he,

I know not things to come.

Quoth Reason, the season,

With slouthing, slides away:

First take him, and make him,

A man if that you may.

QUOTH Will, if he be not a man,

I pray you, sirs, what is he than?

He looks like one at least.

Quoth Reason, if he follow thee,

And mind not to remain with me,

Nought but a brutal beast:

A man, in shape, doth not consist,
For all your tanting tales;
Therefore, fir Will, I would ye wist
Your metaphysick fails:
Go lear yet, a year yet,
Your logick at the schools;
Some day then, you may then
Pass master with the mools.

(Quoth Will) I marvel, what you mean,
Should I not trow my own two een,
For all your logick-schools?
If I did not, I were not wise.

(Quoth Reason) I have told you thrise,
None fairlies more than fools:
There be more senses than the sight,
Which ye o'er-hale for haste,
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smell, hearing, touch and taste:
All quick things, have sick things,
I mean both man and beast;

By kind ay, we find ay,
 Few lacks them at the least.
 so by that consequence of thine,
 Or syllogism said like a swine,
 A cow may learn thee lear:
 Thou uses only but the eyes,
 She touches, tastes, smells, hears, and
 Which matches thee and mair. [fees,
 But since to triumph ye intend,
 As presently appears,
 Sir, for your clergy to be kend,
 Take ye two as's ears.
 No myter, perfyter,
 Got Midas for his meed:
 That hood, sir, is good, sir,
 To hap your brain-sick head.
 YE have no feel for to define,
 Though ye have cunning to decline
 A man to be a mool.
 With little work yet ye may vow'd,

To grow a gallant horse and good,
 To ride thereon at yool;
 But to our ground where he began;
 For all your guffless jests,
 I must be master of the man,
 But thou to brutal beasts.
 So we two, must be two
 To cause both kinds be known:
 Keep thine then, for mine then,
 And each one use their own.
 THEN Will, as angry as an ape,
 Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
 Saw he none other shift,
 He would not want an inch of's will,
 Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,
 For thirty of his thrift:
 He would be foremost in the field,
 And master if he might;
 Yea, he would rather die than yield,
 Though Reason had the right.

Shall he now, make me now,
His subject, or his slave?
No rather, my father
Shall quick go to his grave.
I HEIGHT him, while mine heart is heal,
To perish first ere he prevail,
Come after what so may.
Quoth Reason, doubt you not indeed,
Ye hit the nail upon the head,
It shall be as ye say.
Suppose ye spur for to aspire,
Your bridle wants a bit:
That mare may leave thee in the mire,
As sickle as ye fit;
Your sentence, repentance
Shall you leave, I believe,
And anger you langer,
When you that practick prive.
as ye have dyted your decreet,
Your prophecy to be compleet,

Perhaps and to your pains.
It hath been said, and hath been so,
A wilful man wants never wo,
Though he gets little gains.
But since ye think't an easy thing
To mount above the moon,
Of your own fiddle take a spring
And dance when ye have done:
If then, sir, the man, sir,
Like of your mirth he may;
And speir first, and hear first,
What he himself will say.
THEN all together they began,
And said, come on, thou martyr'd man,
What is thy will, advise.
Abas'd a bony while I bade,
And mus'd ere I mine answer made,
I turn'd me once or twice,
Beholding every one about,
Whose motion mov'd me maist,

Some seem'd assur'd, some dread for
Will ran red-wood for haste: [doubt,
With wringing and flinging,
For madness like to mang;
Despair too, for care too,
Would needs himself go hang:
WHICH when Experience perceiv'd,
Quoth he, remember if I rav'd,
As Will alleg'd of late:
When as he swore, nothing he saw,
In age, but anger, flack and slaw,
And canker'd in conceit;
Ye could not luck, as he alleg'd,
Who all opinions speir'd:
He was so frank and fiery edg'd,
He thought us four but fear'd.
Who panfes, what chances,
Quoth he, no worship wins,
To some best, shall come best,
Who hap well, rack well rins.

YET (quoth Experience) behold,
For all the tales that he hath told,
How he himself behaves.
Because Despair could come no speed,
Lo here he hings all but the head,
And in a widdie waves ;
If you be true, once thou may see,
To men that with them mells,
If they had hurt or helped thee,
Consider by themselves.
Then chuse thee, to use thee
By us, or such as yon,
Syne soon now, have done now,
Make either off or on. [ceeds
PERCEIV'ST thou not, wherefrae pro-
That frantick fantasie, that feeds
Thy furious flaming fire;
Which doth thy bailful breast combure,
That none indeed (quoth he) can cure,
Nor help thine heart's desire?

The piercing passion of thy sp'rit,
Which wastes thy vital breath,
Doth hold thine heavy heart with heat,
Desire draws on thy death.
Thy punces renounces
All kind of quiet rest;
That fever hath ever
Thy person so oppress: [Skill,
COULDS'T thou come once acquaint with
He knows what humours do thee ill,
And how thy cares contracts;
He knows the ground of all thy grief,
And Recipees of thy relief,
All medicine he makes.
Quoth Skill, come on, content am I
To put mine helping hand,
Providing always he apply
To counsel and command.
While we then, quoth he then,
Are minded to remain,

Give place now, in case now
Thou get us not again.
Assure thy self, if that we shed,
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,
Take heed, we have thee told;
Have done, and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may,
He shall not when he would.
What wilt thou do? I would we wist;
Accept or give us o'er.
(Quoth I) I think me more than blest,
To find such famous four
Beside me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do,
Considering what fwiddering
You found me first into.
WHEN Courage cry'd, a stomach stout,
And Danger drave me into doubt,
With his companion Dread:
Whiles Will would up above the air,

Whiles I am drown'd in deep Despair,
Whiles Hope held up mine head.
Such pithy reasons and replies,
On ev'ry side, they shew,
That I, who was not very wise,
Thought all their tales were true:
So many and bony
Old problems they propon't,
But quickly and likely,
I marvel mickle on't.
Yet Hope and Courage wan the field,
Though Dread and Danger never yield,
But fled to find refuge:
Yet when the four came, they were fain,
Because ye gart us come again,
They grein'd to get you judge.
Where they were fugitive before,
Ye made them frank and free
To speak, and stand in awe no more.
Quoth Reason, so should be,

Of times now, but crimes now;
But even perforce it falls,
The strong ay, with wrong ay,
Puts weaker to the walls,
WHICH is a fault ye must confess,
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress
With rigour by the right:
But by the contrair, to sustain
The loaden, which o'erburden'd been,
As mickle as they might.
So Hope and Courage did, (quoth I)
Experimented like,
Shew skill'd and pithy reasons why,
That Danger lap the dike.
Quoth Danger, take heed, sir,
Long spoken, part must spill;
Insist not, we wist not,
We went against our will.
WITH Courage ye were so content,
Ye never sought our small consent,

Of us ye stood not aw;
Then logick lessons ye allow'd,
And were determin'd to trow't
Alledgeance past for law.

For all the proverbs we perus'd,
Ye thought them skantly skill'd:
Our reason had been as well rus'd,
Had ye been as well will'd
To our side, as your side,
So truly I may term't,
I see now, in thee now
Affection doth affirm't.

EXPERIENCE then smirking smil'd,
We are no bairns to be beguil'd,
(Quoth he) and shook his head:
For authors who alledges us,
They still would win about the buss
To foster deadly feed.
For we are equal for you all,
No persons we respect;

We have been so, are yet, and shall
Be found so in effect.

If we were, as ye are,
We had come unrequir'd:

But we now, ye see now,
Do nothing undesir'd.

THERE is a sentence said by some,
Let none uncall'd to counsel come,

That welcome weens to be:

Yea, I have heard another yet,
Who came uncall'd, unserv'd should fit,
Perhaps fit so may ye.

Good-man, gramercie for your geck,
(Quoth Hope) and lowly louts;

If ye were sent for, we suspect,
Because the doctors doubts:

Your years now appears now,
With wisdom to be vex,

Rejoicing in glossing,
While ye have tint your text.

WHERE ye were sent for, let us see,

Who would be welcomer than we,

Prove that, and we are pay'd.

Well (quoth Experience) beware,

You know not, in what case you are,

Your tongue hath you betray'd.

The man may able rime a shot,

Who cannot count his kinch,

In your own bow you are o'er-shot,

By more than half an inch.

Who wat, sir, if that, sir,

Be four which seemeth sweet;

I fear now, ye hear now

A dangerous decreet.

SIR, by that sentence, ye have said,

I pledge, ere all the play be plaid,

That some shall lose a laik,

Since ye but put me for to prove

Such heads, as help for my behove,

Your warrant is but weak.

Spier at the man your self and fee,
Suppose you strive for state;
For he regarded not, how he
Hath learn'd my lesson late:
And granted, he wanted
Both Reason, Wit, and Skill,
Complaining, and meaning,
Our absence did him ill.
CONFRONT him farther face to face,
If that he rue his rackless race,
Perhaps and ye shall hear:
For ay since Adam and since Eve,
Who first the leasing did believe,
I sold thy doctrine dear.
What hath been done unto this day,
I keep in mind almaiſt:
Ye promiſe farther than ye pay,
Sir Hope, for all your haſte;
Promitting, unwitting,
Your heghts you never hooked:

I show you, I know you,
Your by-ganes I have booked.
I WOULD, in case account were crav'd,
Show thousand thousands thou deceiv'd,
Where thou was true to one;
And, by the contrair, I may vant,
Which thou must (though it grieve
I trumped ne'er a man ; [thee) grant
But truly told the naked truth
To men, that mell'd with me,
For neither rigour nor for ruth,
But only loth to lie.
To some yet, to come yet,
Thy succour shall be flight,
Which I then, must try then,
And register it right.
HA, ha, (quoth Hope) and loudly leugh,
Ye're but a prentice at the pleugh,
Experience, ye prieve.
Suppose all by-ganes as ye spake,

Ye are no prophet worth a plack,
Nor I bound to believe.
Ye should not say, sir, till ye see,
But when ye see it say.
Yet (quoth Experience) at thee
Make many mints I may
By signs now, and things now,
Which ay before me bears,
Expressing, by gueffing,
The peril that appears.
THEN Hope reply'd, and that with pith,
And wisely weigh'd his words there-
Sententionously and short. [with,
Quoth he, I am the anchor grip,
That saves the failers and their ship
From peril to their port.
Quoth he, oft-times that anchor drives
As we have found before;
And losses many thousand lives,
By shipwrack on the shore.

Your grips oft, but slips oft,
When men have most to do;
Synne leaves them, and reaves them,
Of my companions too.

THOU leaves them not thy self alone,
But, to their grief, when thou art gone,
Gars Courage quite them alse.

Quoth Hope, I would ye understood,
I grip fast, if the ground be good;
And fleets it, where it's false.

There should no fault with me be found,
Nor I accus'd at all,

With such as should have found the
Before the anchor fall: [ground,

Their leed ay, at need ay,
Might warn them, if they would,

If they there, would stay there,
Or have good anchor-hold.

If ye read right, it was not I,
But only Ignorance, whereby

Their carvels all were cloven:
I am not for a trumpet tane.
All (quoth Experience) is ane,
I have my process proven:
To wit, that we are call'd each one,
To come before we came,
That now objections ye have none,
Your self must say the same.
Ye are now, too far now,
Come forward for to flie:
Perceive then, ye have then,
The worst end of the tree.
WHEN Hope was gall'd into the quick,
Quoth Courage, kicking at the prick,
We let you well to wit,
Make he you welcomer than we,
Then by-ganes, by-ganes, farewell he,
Except he seek us yet;
He understands his own estate,
Let him his chiftains chuse;

But yet his battle will be blate,
If he our force refuse.
Refuse us, or chuse us,
Our counfel is, he clim:
But stay he, or stray he,
We have none help for him.
EXCEPT the Cherry be his chose,
Be ye his friends, we are his foes;
His doings we despite:
If we perceive him settled sae,
To fatisfie him with the Slae,
His company we quite.
Then Dread and Danger grew so glad,
And wont that they had won,
They thought all feal'd that they had
Syne they had first begun. [said,
They thought then, they mought then,
Without a party plead:
But yet there, with Wit there,
They were dung down indeed.

SIRS, Dread and Danger then (quoth
Ye did your selves to me submit, [Wit]
Experience can prove.

That (quoth Experience) I past,
Their own confession make them fast,
They may no more remove.

For if they right remember me,
This maxim then they made,
To wit, the man with Wit should weigh,
What philosophs had said.

Which sentence, repentance
Forbade him dear to buy;

They knew then, how true then,
And press'd not to reply. [down,

THOUGH he dang Dread and Danger

Yet Courage could not be o'ercome,

Hope height him such a hire:

He thought himself, how soon he saw

His enemies were laid so law,

It was no time to tire:

He hit the ir'n while it was het,
In case it might grow cold:
For he esteem'd his foes defeat,
When once he found them fold,
Though he now, quoth he now,
Hath been so free and frank,
Unsought yet, he mought yet,
For kindness, cund us thank.
SUPPOSE it so, as thou hast said,
That unrequir'd we offer'd aid:
At least it came of love,
Experience, ye start too soon;
Ye dow nothing while all be done,
And then perhaps ye prove
More plain than pleasant too perchance,
Some tell, that you have try'd:
As fast as ye your selves advance,
Ye dow not well deny't;
Abide then the tide then,
And wait upon the wind:

Ye know, fir, ye owe, fir,
 To hold you ay behind.
 WHEN ye have done some doughty
 Syne ye should see how all succeeds,
 To write them as they were.
 Friend, hulie, hast not half so fast,
 Lest (quoth Experience) at last
 Ye buy my doctrine dear.
 Hope puts that haste into your head,
 Which boils your barmie brain:
 Howbe't fool's haste makes hulie speed,
 Fair heghts makes fools be fain.
 Such smiling, beguiling,
 Bids fear not for no freets:
 Yet I now, deny now,
 That all is gold that gleets.
 SUPPOSE not silver all that shines,
 Ofttimes a tentless merchant tines,
 For buying gear beguets.
 For all the vantage and the winning,

Good buyers gets at the beginning.
Quoth Courage not the less,
Whiles as good merchants times as wins,
If old men's tales be true:
Suppose the pack comes to the pins,
Who can his chance eschew?
Then good fir, conclude, fir,
Good buyers have done baith:
Advance then, take chance then,
As fundry good ships hath.
Who wist what would be cheap or dear,
Should need not traffique but a year,
If things to come were kend.
Suppose all bygane things be plain,
Your prophecy is but prophane,
Ye'd best behold the end.
Ye would accuse me of a crime,
Almost before we met;
Torment me not before the time,
Since dolor pays no debt:

What by-past, that I past,
Ye wot if it was well:
To come yet, by doom yet,
Confess ye have no feel.
YET (quoth Experience) what than?
Who may be meetest for the man,
Let us his answer have.
When they submitted them to me,
To Reason I was fain to flee,
His counsel for to crave.
Quoth he, since ye your selves submit,
To do as I decreet;
I shall advise both Skill and Wit,
What they think may be meet.
They cry'd then, we bide then,
At Reason for refuge:
Allow him, and trow him,
As governour and judge.
so said they all with one consent,
What he concludes, we are content

His bidding to obey:
He hath authority to use, [chuse,
Then take his choice whom he would
And longer not delay.

Then Reason rose, and was rejoic'd,
(Quoth he) mine hearts, come hither,
I hope the play may be compos'd,
That we may go together.

To all now, I shall now
His proper place assign,
That they here, shall say here,
They think none other thing.

COME ON (quoth he) companion Skill,
Ye understand both good and ill,
In physick ye are fine:

Be mediciner to this man,
And shew such cunning as ye can,
To put him out of pine.

First guard the ground of all his grief,
What sickness ye suspect;

Syne look what he lacks for relief,
 Ere further he infect.
 Comfort him, exhort him,
 Give him your good advice:
 And pance not, nor scance not
 The pearl nor the price.
 THOUGH he be cumbersome, what reck?
 Find out the cause by the effect,
 And working of his veins;
 Yet while we grip it to the ground,
 See first what fashion may be found
 To pacifie his pains.
 Do what ye dow to have him hail,
 And for that purpose presse;
 Cut off the cause, th' effect will fail,
 So all his sorrows cease:
 His fever, shall never
 From henceforth have no force:
 Then urge him, to purge him,
 He will not wax the worse.

QUOTH Skill, his senses are so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leek,
To quench his deadly drouth;
Except the Cherry help his heat,
Whose sappie flockning, sharp and
Might melt into his mouth, [sweet,
And his melancholy reprove,
To mitigate his mind:
None wholsomer for his behove,
Nor more cooling of kind.
No Nectar, directer
Could all the gods him give,
Nor send him, to mend him,
None like it, I believe.
FOR drouth decays as it digests,
Whythen (quoth Reason) nothing rests,
But how it may be had.
Most true (quoth Skill) that is the scope,
Yet we must have some help of Hope.
Quoth Danger, I am red,

His hastiness breeds us mis-hap,
When he is highly hors'd;
I would we looked ere we lap.

Quoth Wit, that were not worst;
I mean now, convene now
The council, one and all:
Begin then, call in then.

Quoth Reason, so I shall.

THEN Reason rose with gesture grave,
Belyve convening all the lave,
To see what they could say,
With silver-scepter in his hand,
As chiftain chosen to command,
And they bent to obey:

He panced long before he spake,
And in a study stood;
Syne he began and silence brake,
Come on (quoth he) conclude,
What way now, we may now
Yon Cherrie come to catch:

Speak out, firs, about firs,
Have done, let us dispatch. [scarrs,
Quoth Courage, scourge him first that
Much musing memory but marrs;
I tell you mine intent.
Quoth Wit, who will not partly pance,
In perils perishes perchance;
O'er rackless may repent.
Then quoth Experience, and spake,
Sir, I have seen them baith
In bairnlines, and ly a back,
Escape and come to skaith.
But what now, of that now?
Sturt follows all extreams,
Retain then, the mean then,
The surest way it seems. [fail'd,
WHERE some has further'd, some has
Where part has perisht, part prevail'd,
Alike all cannot luck;
Then neither venture with the one,

Nor with the other let alone,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quoth Hope, for fear folk must not fash,
Quoth Danger, let not light.
Quoth Wit, be neither rude nor rash.
Quoth Reason, ye have right.
The rest then, thought best then,
When Reason said it so,
That roundly and soundly
They should together go,
To get the Cherrie all in haste,
As for my safety serving maist.
Though Dread and Danger fear'd
The peril of that irksome way,
Lest that thereby I should decay,
Who then so weak appear'd:
Yet Hope and Courage hard beside,
Who with them went content,
Did take in hand us for to guide
Unto our journey's end:

Empledging, and wedging
Both their two lives for mine;
Providing, the guiding
To them were granted syne.

THEN Dread and Danger did appeal,
Alledging it could not be well,
Nor yet would they agree:

But said, they should sound their retreat,
Because they thought them no ways
Conductors unto me, [meet

Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sickness fore opprest,

For they took ay the nearest gate
Omitting oft the best:

The nearest, perquierest
Is always to them baith,

Where they, fir, may say, fir,
Whatracks them of their skaith.

BUT as for us two, now we swear,
By Him before whom we appear,

Our full intent is now,
To have you whole, and always was,
That purpose for to bring to pass,
So is not theirs I trow.
Then Hope and Courage did attest
The gods at both these parts,
If they wrought not for all the best
Of me with upright hearts:
Our chiftain, then lifting
His sceptor, did enjoyn
No more there, uproar there,
And so their strife was done.
Rebuking Dread and Danger sore,
Suppose they meant well evermore,
To me as they had sworn:
Because their neighbours they abus'd,
In so far as they had accus'd
Them, as ye heard beforne.
Did he not else (quoth he) consent,
The Cherrie for to pow?

Quoth Danger, we are well content,
But yet the manner how,
We shall now, even all now
Get this man with us there;
It rest is, and best is,
Your counsell shall declare. [now
WELL said, (quoth Hope and Courage)
We thereto will accord with you,
And shall abide by them:
Likeas before we do submit.
So we repeat the famine yet,
We mind not to reclaim.
Whom we shall chuse to guide the way,
We shall him follow straight,
And further this man, what we may,
Because we have so heght:
Promitting, but flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To ease both, and please both,
This sillie sicklie man.

WHEN Reason heard this, then (quoth
I see your chiefeft stay to be, he)
That we have nam'd no guide:
The worthy council hath therefore,
Thought fit, that Wit should go before,
For perils to provide.
Quoth Wit, there is but one of three,
Which I shall to you show,
Whereof the first two cannot be,
For any thing I know.
The way here, so stay here
Is, that we cannot clim,
Ev'n o'er now, we four now;
That will be hard for him,
THE next, if we go down about,
While that this bend of craigs run out,
The stream is there so stark,
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far than we dow leap,
It should be idle wark:

It grows ay broader than the sea,
Syne o'er the lin it came;
The running dead doth signifie
The deepness of the same.
I leave now, to dyve now,
How that it swiftly slides,
As sleeping and creëping,
But nature so provides.
OUR way then lies about the lin,
Where by a warren we shall win,
It is so streight and plain;
The water also is so shald,
We shall it pass even as we wald,
With pleasure and but pain.
For, as we see the mischief grow
Oft of a feckless thing:
So likewise doth this river flow
Forth of a petty spring;
Whose throat, sir, I wot, sir,
Ye may stop with your nieve:

As you, fir, I trow, fir
Experience, can prieve.
THAT (quoth Experience) I can,
All that ye said, since ye began,
I know to be of truth.
Quoth Skill, the samen I approve,
Quoth Reason, then let us remove,
And sleep no more in sleuth.
Wit and Experience (quoth he)
Shall come before apace;
The man shall come with Skill and me
Into the second place.
Attour now, you four now
Shall come into a band,
Proceeding, and leading
Each other by the hand.
As Reason ordain'd, all obey'd;
None was o'er rash, none was afraid,
Our counsel was so wise,
As of our journey Wit did note,

We found it true in ev'ry jot,
God bless our enterprise.
For ev'n as we came to the tree,
Which, as ye heard me tell,
Could not be clum, there suddenly
The fruit for ripeness fell:
Which tasting, and hasting;
I found my self reliev'd
Of cares all, and snares all,
Which mind and body griev'd.
PRAISE be to God my Lord therefore,
Who did mine health to me restore,
Being so long time pin'd:
Yea blessed be his Holy name,
Who did, from death to life, reclaim
Me, who was so unkind.
All nations, also magnifie
This everliving Lord;
Let me with you, and you with me,
To laud him ay accord:

Whose love ay, we prove ay,
To us above all things.

And kiss him, and bliss him,
Whose glore eternal rings.

FINIS.

L

A SONNET TO THE
BLESSED TRINITY.

SUPREAM Essence, Beginner unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three,
Eternal Word, that victory hath won
O'er death, o'er hell, triumphing on the tree.
Foreknowledge, Wisdom, and all-seeing Eye;
Jehovah, Alpha, and Omega all,
Like unto none, and none like unto thee;
Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the ball,
Container uncontain'd; Is, Was, and Shall
Be sempiternal, merciful and just;
Creator uncreated, now I call,
Teach me thy truth, since into thee I trust;
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above
My faith, my hope, but by the leave my love.

LAMENTATION. 83

I'VE sinn'd, father, be merciful to me,

I am not worthy to be call'd thy child;
That stubbornly so long have gone astray,
Not as thy son, but as a prod'gal wild:
My silly soul, with sin, is so defil'd,
That satan thinks to catch it as a prey:
Lord, grant me grace, that he may be beguil'd,
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

I'm abas'd, Lord, how dare I be so bold,
Before thy holy presence to appear?
Or hazard once the heavens to behold,
Who am not worthy that the earth should bear;
Yet damn me not whom thou hast bought so dear,
Sed saluum me fac, dulcis fili Dei.
For, out of Luke, this lesson we may lear;
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

If thou, O Lord, with rigour would revenge,
What flesh before thee faultless shall be found?

Or who is he, his conscience can him cleanse,
To sin and satan from his birth's not bound?

Yet of meer grace thou tak'st away the ground,
 And sent thy Son our penalty to pay,
 To save us from the hideous hell's hound:

Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

I hope for mercy, tho' my sins be huge;
 I grant my guilt, and groan to thee for grace:
 Though I would flee, where should I find refuge?
 In heav'n? O Lord, there is thy dwelling place;
 The Earth, thy foot-stool; and to hell, alace!
 Down to the dead; for all must thee obey:
 Therefore I cry, while I have time and space,
 Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

O gracious God, my guiltiness forgive,
 In sinners death since thou dost not delight,
 But rather would they should convert and live,
 As witnesseth prophets in holy write:
 I pray thee, Lord, thy promise to perfit
 In me, that I may with the Psalmist say,
 I will thy praise and wondrous works indite,
 Therefore, dear father, be merciful to me,

Though I do slide, let me not sleep in slouth,
 Me to revive from sin, let grace begin;
 Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy truth,
 And send my verse such wings as are divine;
 Since thou hast granted me so good ingine,
 To praise thy name with gallant stile and gay,
 Let me no more so trim a talent tine:
 Peccavi, pater, misereere mei.

My sp'rit to speak, let thy sp'rit, Lord, inspire,
 Help, Holy Ghost, and be mine heav'nly muse;
 Fly down on me with forked tongues of fire,
 As on th' apostles, with thy fear me infuse;
 All vice expel, teach me sin to refuse,
 And all my filthy affections, I thee pray;
 Thy fervent love on me pour night and day,

Peccavi, pater, misereere mei.
 Stoup, stubborn stomack, that's been ay so stout,
 Stoup, filthy flesh, and carion made of clay;
 Stoup, hardned heart, before thy Lord, and lout;
 Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day;
 Thou wots not when, that thou must pass away

To the great glore, where thou must be for ay;

Confess thy sins, and think no shame to say,

Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

O Great Jehovah, to thee all glore be giv'n,

Who shapt my soul to thy similitude;

And to thy Son, whom thou sent'st down from heav'n,

When I was lost, He bought me with his blood;

And to the Holy Ghost, my guider good,

Who must confirm my faith in the right way;

In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,

O Heav'nly Father, be merciful to me.

THE

SOLSEQUIUM.

LIKE as the dumb Solsequium, with care o'ercome,
Doth sorrow, when the sun goes out of sight;

Hangs down her head, and droops as dead, and will
not spread;

But lurks her leaves, through langour, all the night,

Till foolish Phaëton arise, with whip in hand,

To clear the chrystal skies, and light the land.

Birds, in their bow'r, waits on that hour,

And to their king a glad good-morrow gives:
 From thence that flow'r likes not to low'r,
 But laugh on Phoebus, op'ning outh'er leaves.

So standst with me, except I be, where I may see
 My lamp of light, my lady, and my love:
 When she departs, ten thousand darts, in sundry airts,
 Thirle through my heavy heart, but rest or roove.
 My countenance declares my inward grief,
 And hope almost despairs to find relief:
 I die, I dwine, pain doth me pine,
 I loath on ev'ry thing I look, alas!
 While Titan mine, upon me shine,
 That I revive through favour of her grace.

Fra she appear, into her sphere, begins to clear
 The dawning of my long desired day,
 When Courage cryes on Hope to rise, frae she espies
 The noisome night of absence went away:
 No wo can we awake, nor yet impell,
 But on thy stately stalk I flowrish fresh:
 I spring, I sprout, my leaves break out,
 My colour changes in an heartsome hew;
 No more I lout, but stand up stout,

As glad of her on whom I only grew.

O happy day! go not away, Apollo stay
The cart from going down into the west,
Of me thou makes thy Zodiack, that I may take
My pleasure to behold whom I love best,
Her presence me restores from death to rise,
Her absence also shores to cut my breath,
I wish in vain thee to remain,
Since Primum Mobile doth say me nay;
At least thy wain haste so again,
Farewell with patience perforce till day.

PSAL. XXXVI.

DECLINA A MALO, ET FAC BONUM.

LEAVE sin, ere sin leave thee, do good,
and both without delay;
Lest fit he will to morrow be,
who is not fit today.

HIS MORNING MUSE.

LET dread of pain for sin in aftertime;
 Let shame to see thy self ensnared so;
 Let grief conceiv'd for foul accursed crime;
 Let hate of sin, the worker of thy wo;
 With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate enforce,
 To dew thy cheeks with tears to deep remorse.

So hate of sin shall make god's love to grow;
 So grief shall harbour hope within thine heart;
 So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow;
 So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart:
 So love, so hope, so joy, so solace sweet,
 Shall make my soul in heav'nly blifs so fleet.

Wo, where no hate doth no such love allure!
 Wo, where such grief makes no such hope proceed!
 Wo, where such dread doth not such joy procure!
 Wo, where such shame doth not such solace breed!
 Wo, where no hate, no grief, no dread, no shame,
 No love, no hope, no joy, no solace frame!

IN THE OLD ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE FIRST PSCHALME.

WEIL is the man, L
 Zea blisse than,

Be grace that can

Eschew ill counsaile and the godless gait,

Quha walks not in

The way of sin,

Nor dois begin

To sit with mokkars in their schamefoll fait,

But in JESUS VAHS LAW

Delyts aricht

And studys it to know

Baith day and night.

That man shall be lyke to ane tre

That plantit by the ryning river grows,

Qubilk fruit dois beir in tyme of zeir,

Quhais leives fall never fade, nor rute unlowse,

His actions all

Ay prosper fall:

So fall not fall

To wicket men; but as the calf and sand,

Qubilk day by day

Winds drive away:

PSCHALME XXXII

99

Thairfore I say
The wicket in their jugment fall apair,
Nor sinners can haer mair,
Quhome God disdains,
In the assembly quhair
The just remains.
For quhy? the Lord quha beir record,
He knows the richteous conversation ay,
But godles gaits, quhilk he so haits,
Sall quickly perreife, and bot dout decy.

THE TWENTY THIRD PSCHALME.

THE Lord maist hie,
I know will be
An hird to me,
I cannot lang haif strefs, nor stand in need;
He maks my lain,
In feilds maist fair,
Quhair I bot cair,
Reposing at my pleasure safely feid.
He sweetly me convoyis
To pleisand spring,
Quhair naething me annoyis,
But pleasour brings;
He brings my mynd, fit to lie kynd.

That fors or feir of fae cannot me grievè:
 He dois me leid in perfyte freid,
 And for his name he will me nevif leive.

THOCHT I wald stray,
 Ilk day by day,
 In deidly way,
 Zit will I not despair, I feir non ill;
 For quhy thy grace,
 In evry place,
 Dois me imbrace,
 Thy rod and shipbirds croke comfort me still.
 In dispyt of my foes,
 My tabill grows,
 Thou balmis my head with joy,
 My cup owreflows,
 Kyndness and grace, mercy and peice,
 Sall follow me for all my wretched days,
 And me convoy to endless joy
 In hevin, quhair I sall be with thee always.

COMPARISON.

THE bramble growis, althocht it be obscure,
 Quhyllis mountane cederis tholes the bousteous winds,
 And myld Plebyan spirts may leif secure,
 Quhyllis mighty tempestis tols imperial mynds.

FINIS.